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No. IX.

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CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '54.

W. C. FLAGG,

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W. S. MAPLES,

L. S. POTWIN,

C. T. PURNELL.

Character and Reputation.

THESE terms, though often loosely used one for the other, and thus perhaps, conveying to some minds the same idea, express, in truth, things which are widely separated, and which may be clearly distinguished from each other. Character and Reputation! What are they, and wherein do they differ? Character is what a man really is—Reputation, is what the world think and say of him. The former depends upon the man himself, and is subject to his control. The latter depends, to a great degree, upon others, and outward circumstances. A man presents himself as a theme—the world take it and develop it as they will. Character is the subject, reputation the predicate of a sentence coming from a double author, viz : the man himself and the world about him.

Were this world an honest and a just one, reputation and character would coincide. But it is not so. The spirit is not always seen in the expression—the motive in the act. Words and deeds are not always the true exponents of the heart. And as the avenues of expression are the only ones open to mortals for approach to the heart; as its inward workings are hidden from their gaze, its many windings and recesses discoverable only to the eye of Heaven; the ideas which they get of character, that is, the true character, are imperfect and limited. Then, too, the bar

of the world, to which the character comes for judgment, and at which it receives its stamp of reputation, does not dispense strict justice. There is much partiality; there are many imperfect and unjust decisions. With a fickle and whimsical world as judges and arbiters, it is a matter of no wonderment that reputation, in so many instances, is not faithful to character. Considering the source of the decisions on character, and the circumstances under which they are made, the inconsistencies and errors in this respect, which we see continually in every department and sphere of life, are rendered accountable. The world seems blind sometimes—totally blind and willfully so too. The good, the great, neglected and unknown, are suffered to remain in obscurity; or, perhaps slandered and depreciated, they fall as sacrifices to ignorance, blindness, and caprice. While, on the other hand, the ignorant and the vicious are permitted to rise high in the public favor, and have their praises trumpeted abroad. But high worth and genuine talent are often made too high. Mediocrity is exaggerated into superiority, and thus by freak and fancy does reputation exalt or depress.

They who are distinguished either in greatness or goodness, those eminences, so to speak, in the moral world, are the marks at which are directed many thoughts and feelings. They furnish examples for emulation, and the ambitious and aspiring make them the guideposts on their road to distinction. They elicit admiration and respect. But on the heights they occupy, however lofty they may be, they are not free from the attempts of envious and malevolent depreciation. Excellence has much to contend with, many enemies to confront. The great monster, Selfishness, who holds extensive sway, with his aids, malignant Envy and dark Jealousy, are continually busy in their foul work. Nothing is so lofty or so pure that they may not mark it with their contaminating touch. Men's judgments are perverted by the deceitful influence of self-interest. Its insidious whisperings catch the ear and find an easy passage to the heart. The appeals of selfishness are difficult to resist. They strike home with force and power. Envy and jealousy blind and distort the mental vision. They raise a cloud before the eye, which shuts out the pure light and displaces the natural medium of sight. Thus on every great character there are fixed eagle eyes to catch, if possible, some points of imperfection—some flaws or blemishes whereon to feed envy and satisfy the hankerings of a morbid jealousy. The tongue of slander and the voice of calumny raise their hoarse notes, too often not in vain. Their poisonous breath too often takes effect. It blasts the fair and withers the beautiful. Ignorance, too, views that which it cannot comprehend

with distrust. She often puts on the lion skin of caution. Some characters seem to go beyond their generation in thought and action. They make bold excursions and desert the old and beaten track for new paths. Such are looked upon with doubt and suspicion. Their originality and independence are more likely to meet with ridicule and contempt than with honor and encouragement. We have been speaking of great characters, but the same is true, on a diminished scale, of course, with humbler and less distinguished ones. The same influences are at work, and the same kind of results follow in every case.

Now while we see the great and the good often falling victims to the influence of envy and ignorance; while true worth is depreciated and neglected; on the other hand we behold displayed on the part of the world a singular tendency to encourage the opposite when assisted by cunning and supported by audacity and assurance. There is a chord in the general heart, which vibrates to the touch of humbug. He who may touch this chord with skill and shrewdness, will seldom fail of a response. It seems as if men generally loved to be duped, and they submit themselves cheerfully into the hands of him who does it most skillfully. This tendency is fully exhibited at the present day, and especially in our own country. Every day there springs into existence some new child of humbug, which lives its life and gains its crowd of votaries. This tendency is nowhere displayed more clearly than in the case of character and reputation. There are quacks and empirics in every profession, in every sphere—in science, literature, and morals. These not only impose upon the simple and the ignorant, but gain credence and favor even among the intelligent and the educated—among those who are styled "*men of sense*." Some shrewd observers of human nature, who know and take advantage of its weak points, who favor its whims and caprices, who watch attentively the signs of the times, and are ever ready to adapt themselves to circumstances, succeed in building mighty reputations on very diminutive bases. Little capital of character is many times required to amass considerable property in the way of reputation. The shrewd man may easily succeed. The veriest knave, by careful management, becomes a pattern for honesty. The vilest sinner, by hypocritical cunning becomes the holy saint. The ignorant pretender becomes the wise-headed sage. Thus by cunning, by art, and by intrigue renown is often gained. They sow the seed and are the sun and rain to many a plant of reputation. But unmerited reputation is not always the effect of intrigue and art. Some characters seem accidentally to fall into the lap of fame. Some single deed, some isolated action perhaps performed unawares, some

peculiar juncture of circumstances over which they had no control, may place them on the list of the great. And it is astonishing to see how long the influence of such single efforts or circumstances sometimes continues. We are surprised to see how long those rays linger on the western sky, after the sun has hid himself beneath the horizon. Many men live on the glory of a single deed. Here begins and here should end their reputation; but once on the tide, they are borne passively along.

The College world furnishes a soil eminently adapted to the growth of reputations. There are some huge plants and some tremendous specimens occasionally produced, considering the size of the garden. Reputation seems to be easier attained, to be aspired after more, and to gain more here than in almost any other quarter. Character here sometimes obtains its strict due, but by no means always. Reputation often either shoots far ahead of it, or falls far behind. The advent of many to this microcosm is ushered in by the trumpeting of fame. These favorite children of renown—who dares dispute their claims? The whisperings of report proclaim them great, and great they are. Imaginary laurels crown their brows. There seems to stand forth in bold relief upon their foreheads, the terrible, awful mark, which brands them as distinguished. They set their sails—take the helm—and, wafted by the breezes of fame and reputation, sail calmly down the river of College life. Look out, my friends, your bark may not be strong enough to encounter the waves of the ocean beyond. How many are there yeapt “smart men!” How many are there who “could if they would!” How many young volcanoes are there whose fires are only sleeping! Sometimes these fires break forth—the thunders roar, and the mountain heaves—and then succeeds a calm. Some gain reputation, as ’twere, by the Fabian policy, or by a masterly inactivity. To come forth boldly and openly on the field of action, and take decided steps—would, mayhap, discover their failings, and disclose their wants. The plan which they adopt—the course which they pursue, is to do but little, and get the credit for the ability to do a great deal more. Occasional flashes and periodical efforts are sufficient to give them the credit, which in the interims they live upon.

There are many kinds of reputation in College, and many ways of obtaining them. Here, too, are they sought with eagerness and anxiety. As I said before, the merits of character sometimes meet just rewards. There is much true greatness, and sound, substantial worth that is acknowledged and appreciated. Reputation is often the free, spontaneous expression of appreciating minds, and not the product of art and contrivance. But the general College reputation has a great deal of sham and

emptiness about it. If it lives through four years, it is not always found to stand the proof of active life. What become of all the great men who are the centers of College admiration and praise? How stand their reputations? Go they on increasing in magnificence and glory? Often do their edifices of praise fall in ruins—their halos of glory fade away. Many of these great ones, from giants, dwindle into pigmies. Their superiority sinks into mediocrity, if not into inferiority. We look in vain to see them shake the world—we strain our eyes in endeavoring to behold their fingers writing destinies—their hands moulding events. Obscurity becomes their grave. Their lights either go out, or are lost sight of by greater brilliancy.

From what has hitherto been said, the uncertainty of reputation may be clearly seen. It is a gift from a very capricious giver, who may at any time see fit to demand it back again. The man who has a bad repute may feel more secure in his possession; but he who is the recipient of a favoring fame has no sure and certain thing. Some slight offense, on his part, or some freak on the part of the giver, may strip him of his honor and doom him to disgrace. The ambitious aspirant after a name, therefore, is in continual anxiety. He who owns a reputation which is unmerited, and is not based on sound, substantial foundations, may well be anxious. He is ever liable to be exposed and cast down from his seat of eminence and favor. In a game of hazard, he, with gambler-like solicitude and nervous excitement, watches each successive throw. His solicitude is natural; for, his reputation lost, all is lost. He has nothing to fall back upon. Not so with the man who has a capital of character, who has striven for true greatness and excellence, and not for an empty name. Strip him of his reputation—his name is not his all, and the want of this is not his ruin. True greatness and excellence of character may, like the staunch forest oak, survive a storm, and, bending awhile beneath the blast, regain itself and stand as firm and erect as ever. But if this may not be—if the world refuse to acknowledge his merit, and deny him favor, he has that which will support him in the hour of trouble. He holds that inestimable treasure, self-respect. Poor is the man without it—rich is he, indeed, with it.

We have spoken of the difference between character and reputation; we have said that they are far from always coinciding, and have shown the cause of this. But there are occasional instances where it seems as if the reputation did truly and accurately mirror the character, when greatness and goodness are fully acknowledged and appreciated—when the word of praise is just, and the voice of fame speaks truth—when charac-

tar and reputation react upon each other, each giving and imparting, and both joining to produce a glorious whole.

But there is another view to be taken of our subject; and this, not in its relation to this single point of time, but to an unending eternity. What a man really is, will one day be the only ground of judgment concerning him. Then reputation will be cast aside, as good for nothing. Empty names and shallow praises of men will be of no avail. Stript of every such covering, the character will, in this day of truth, stand forth and receive the just and impartial reward of its merits. J. W. H.

The Moonlight Invocation.

Fare moon, that in the heavens above
Upon our way art smiling,
Thy glance is like the glance of love,
The passing hours beguiling.
Where'er we steer across the sea,
Upon the water's hoary,
A radiant path, which leads to thee,
Is marked in lines of glory.

How could the poets call thee pale,
Who sang in ages olden?
Did they, like us, thus sweetly sail
Beneath thy circle golden?
The feathered oars look cold and white,
And pearls are on them gleaming,
As oft they rise amid the light
From thee so softly streaming.

No scorching heat, no burning noon,
Oppresses while it brightens,
But thy soft radiance, gentle moon,
Harms not and yet enlightens.
O ever thus upon our way,
While down time's stream we're gliding,
May Friendship shed its genial ray,
Secure with Love abiding.

L

Isaac Walton.

A NATION'S literature has regular stages of development and decay. Those of the existing generation may flatter themselves that they are growing in thought, and the verbal moulding of thought, but after times must often reverse the decision and pronounce what was once termed advancement and freedom, the corruption and license of a tasteless and extravagant age. This rise and fall is contemporaneous, or nearly so, with national character. A nation's literature almost invariably portrays the sentiments and actions of the time, and is an exact exponent either of causes at work, or results produced.

National character has never been highly developed and so remained. There is first a long season of buried, frozen, and undeveloped thought. Then men waken beneath the genial rays of imparted intelligence, and a time of flowers and fresh verdure succeeds. Next in hardened wood and ripened fruit development is complete, and straightway comes decay and death, gorgeous often with golden glories, redolent, perhaps, with dying perfumes, but none the less certain and melancholy. We do not wish to follow the figure farther, and imply that each nation makes no advance beyond that of its predecessor, for that would be obviously false, but only assert that no nation has *sustained* a high position. Many a state, once great, is now in dissolving corruption or withered preservation.

The nation's literature must nearly mark this rise and fall. Conservative good may sometimes cling unusually long to an old style. Advancing decline may occasionally reach prematurely forward to vitiated practices: as in the case of Herodotus, Lucian, and perhaps Spencer on the one hand, and Euripides, Sallust, and, we suspect, Carlyle on the other; but the general truth is not impeached by these exceptions. This contemporaneousness can be more easily seen by a review of history. The youth of Grecian civilization produces Homer, first of poets; and, when history was craved, Herodotus, father of historians. Faithful and minute description, and the soft flow of the Ionic, marked sufficiently well the state of the popular mind. A transition came, with advanced refinement. The childish gave way to the deeper, more earnest feeling of awakened self-consciousness, which was shown in the thought more curtly expressed and the very shortening of vowels and endings in the erotic, lyric verse of the Aeolian Alcaeus and Sappho. The manhood and height of Grecian character were attained and "ald Plataea's day" and "sea-

born Salamis" bore witness. A coeval transition through the supernal drama of *Æschylus*, and with the culmination of Grecian glory, literature reached its acme in *Sophocles*. Then followed a rapid decline. Thought was depreciated and style was overwrought. Long swelling periods gratified the senses of those who had lost higher cravings. And yet there was one more gleam ere all was dark. For a corrupt age intensifies the feelings of solitary integrity. The setting sun, ere its rim dipped, threw an unnatural glare aslant the darkening earth. The thunders of Demosthenean eloquence, the steadfast impartiality of the inflexible historian,

"Rebuked the age's popular crime,"

and the day was gone.

Rome showed the same thing. There were *Livius Andronicus*, *Nævius*, *Eunius*, and *Terence* in early times. There were *Cæsar*, *Cicero*, and *Virgil* in its best days. And when, through corruption, the Republic failed, there was a *Horace* essaying by satire an impossible amendment : a *Livy* vainly seeking to kindle the quenched fires of patriotism at her altars ; and when the shadow even of old times was passing away, a *Tacitus*, a *Martial*, and a *Juvenal* to lash the corruption which they despaired of expelling by gentler means.

These facts seem to show that the conditions of national and literary advance or decay are inseparable. Higher civilization and more polished writing may coexist and seem to disprove the theory when the vitality of state and letters has fled, but it is a civilization without depth, a literature without high aims. These conditions are mutually dependent. Doubtless literature was the offspring of national growth, but doubtless too it is a strong supporter of its parent. It perpetuates the sentiment which gave it birth, and, as a divinity, often shapes the ends of society. *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Cervantes* are proofs.

We consider therefore that no unimportant preservative of the purity of the body politic is a good literature maintained. This may be easily done in times of advancement by mere cultivation ; when development is complete by retrospective views. In the case of English literature, we consider the last rule applicable, for we think our development is completed, and would have been sooner but for foreign influences and continual infusion of new elements. We cannot trace this development, from its lack of uniformity, but the fact that *Shakspeare*, *Bacon*, *Milton*, *Locke*, and *Newton* died almost within the same century, (between 1616 and 1727,) is significant of the degeneration of our literary giants. It is an unpleasant but very natural truth. The Latin language, and we might

almost say, the Grecian, culminated in less time than has elapsed since the age of Chaucer. And now as Chateaubriand says, "in an aged language the simplicities of style are but reminiscences, the sublimities of thought but the produce of an arrangement of words, sought with labor and contrasted with effort."

We must confess to having been led into the previous train of thought more by its intrinsic interest than its application to the subject in hand. And yet it may impress an important fact, that our literary excellence depends more upon conservatism than progress; that we should not so much reach after new extravagancies as hold fast to old heartiness. True the former is much sought. Carlyle is corrupting good English, and many who cannot think like him can yet ape his eccentricities. Yet we think it useful as well as pleasing to turn sometimes from the bright flashing colors of our modern word-painting to the softened tints and mellow light of the past. There is a feeling of relief as we put aside the vivid earnest realities of a concentrating age, and mingle our thoughts with the quaint quietness of an old author, who could loiter over his mental task, and enjoy what are now so exclusively means and appliances; who dwelt more upon the beauty and goodness of earth than its sin and deformity; and wrote for his own pleasure as well as the reader's; yet by his unaffected goodness makes us better men than many a dry homilist or over-earnest reformer.

We wish, therefore, to say somewhat of Izaak Walton; the more so as we suspect he is one of those neglected in order to converse with later and worse authors, and who receive many laudatory epithets from young writers which are altogether predicated on others' opinions. He is one of those quaint old authors who enchain our attention and affection far more than greater, but sterner minds, and awakens a sympathy with his simple, frank and cheerful spirit, an interest in his life and times that may excuse a retrospective view of his life, works, and character.

Izaak Walton was born on the 9th of August, 1593, at Stafford, Parish of St. Mary's. His mother was a niece of Cranmer. He was thus a Protestant and Churchman by descent, as well as belief, and in his earnest affection "for the good old cause," we may sometimes think we discern no small share of the good spirit of his sainted relative. Of his earliest life little is known. In his nineteenth year we find him apprenticed to a relative of the same name, as a haberdasher. That he could have had little education seems evident, but his reading, extensive and miscellaneous, made him familiar both with English literature, and, through translations, with classic and foreign works. At twenty-six, he

had a confined, we may suppose, but a fixed reputation as a writer ; and though commencing business, as we are told, in a shop "only seven feet and a half long by five feet wide, in the Royal Burs, Cornhill," and continuing in trade until 1643, he must, both by his literary acquirements and also by his exemplary character, have risen much above the circle in which his fellow-tradesmen then moved. In 1643, left "a solitary man," by the death of his first wife and child, he left business, and quitting London at the age of fifty, afterwards "lived mostly in the families of eminent clergymen, of whom he was much beloved." "Some few friends, a book, a cheerful heart and an innocent conscience, were his companions." His literary labors, his favorite pastime, and the duties of true and active friendship, filled up the remaining days of a tranquil and happy life ; and he died on the 15th of December, 1683, at the advanced age of ninety.

The works of Walton, besides the one more immediately in hand, were : The Life of Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, published about 1640 ; The Life of Sir Henry Walton, Provost of Eaton College, 1644 ; The Life of Mr. Richard Hooker, the author of those learned books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity, 1662 ; The Life of Mr. George Herbert, 1670 ; The Life of Mr. Robert Sanderson, 1678. Of these we have read enough to know their merit without feeling able to judge them rightly. We may be pardoned therefore in giving the opinions of others. "We shall indeed be disappointed, if we expect to find in the following volumes the brilliancy of wit, the elaborate correctness of style, or the asciticious graces and ornaments of fine composition. But that pleasing simplicity of sentiment, that plain and unaffected language, and I may add natural eloquence, which pervades the whole, richly compensates the want of elegance and rhetorical embellishment. Truth is never displayed to us in more graceful colors, than when she appears, not in a garish attire, but in her own native garb, without artifice, without pomp. In that garb Izaak Walton has arrayed her." To which we may add the testimony of Wordsworth :

"There are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In statesman, priest and humble citizen."

But the great work of "good Mr. Walton" which he and others have most loved, is "The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation ;" first published in 1653, passing through five editions before his

death, and many since; the last of note being that published with the *Lives*, by Sir Harris Nicholas, in imperial octavo, at twenty guineas. We have before us the first American edition, (Wiley, 1848,) edited with great ability and research, and above all *con amore*. This we chose as the work best exemplifying the man. As he himself says, "the whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat, and R. Roe;" and we may say still, but he adds, "but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not."

There are three ways of considering an author. As a mere writer he is an artist handling his material; as a thinker he deduces or advances; as a moralist, he has a philosophy of living and dying.

In style Walton is, in many respects, not peculiar. There was much involution of sentence among the writers of his day, and a redundancy of expression which often fatigues rather than satisfies the understanding. The writer was apt to be diverted from his course by some pleasant but irrelevant thought, or by something of personal not general interest. The concentration and suppression of self, which modern writers affect, was hardly known. Of these faults, as we call them, Walton had his full share. He is often diffuse to excess; he wanders far from his text, yet "the old man eloquent," has a gracefulness of deviation, a minuteness in description, a freedom from affectation, that wonderfully charms the reader. A descriptive quotation or two may show his power in this respect, better than we can describe it:

"Look, under that broad beech-tree I sat down when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in an adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre—the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,—

'I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.'

And again, what can be more felicitous than his description of "mine inn?" "I'll now lead you to an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall; there my hostess . . . both cleanly, and handsome, and civil."

No small part of the pleasure we experience in reading the *Complete Angler* arises from its poetry, some of which is more didactic than beautiful, yet much "choicely good," and as by adoption it is inseparable, it may be pardonably quoted from as an important part of the work. There are the verses of Jo. Davors:

"I count it higher pleasure to behold
 The stately compass of the lofty sky,
 And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
 The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
 The watery clouds that, in the air uproll'd,
 With sundry kinds of painted colors fly;
 And fair Aurora lifting up her head,
 Still blushing rise from old Tithonus' bed.

* * * *

"The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
 Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
 In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song,
 Do welcome with their quire the Summer's Queen:
 The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
 Are intermixed, with verdant grass between;
 The silver-scaled fish that softly swim,
 Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream."

The following conclusion of a song, "doubtless made by a lover of angling," is equally beautiful and more characteristic:

"Blest silent groves, oh may you be
 Forever mirth's best nursery;
 May pure contents,
 Forever pitch their tents
 Upon these downs, the meads, these rocks, these mountains,
 And peace still slumber by these purling fountains;
 Which we may every year
 Meet when we come a fishing here."

As a thinker, "old Izaak" must be placed low. He had some of the shrewdness we see in Herodotus, and all his credulity. The former is shown in apt quotation, such as the motto to the first edition: "Simon

Peter said, I go a fishing; and they said, We also will go with thee." John xxi, 3; and in his ingenious eulogium upon his element and calling. The latter has innumerable instances, but yet may often be excused as a fault common to his age.

We come lastly to speak of Walton the moralist. Here he was pre-eminent. Though attached to the royal party in corrupt times, he neither succumbed to their licentious spirit, nor went over to the gloomy faith of the Roundhead. He suffered under the Commonwealth; he did not ignobly exult at the Restoration. He had no strong prejudices to gratify; no worldly interests to forward. He was an earnest pleader for the Church in his tract of "Love and Truth,"* but did not, like Milton, lose his temper. It is this sterling worth shining forth from every page, that constitutes the great charm of his works. Such thoughts as the following please the heart and head: " . . . a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man," "and let me tell you good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue." Again, such thoughts as the following stir the soul both of every angler and every man with good and emulous thoughts. "No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so (if I might be judge) 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'"

"When I would beget content and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him." The closing pages of the book are too good a whole to permit us to give a part. We have seen little so simply earnest and true.

There have been many greater and stronger minds, sovereigns in liter-

* For an account of this ascribed production see *Gent's Magazine*, vol. lxx, p. 766, and the life prefixed to Walton's "Lives."

ature, who have delighted to honor the good old angler. Sir Humphrey Davy has imitated him, and Wordsworth given him a sonnet. Sir Walter Scott said, "We have read our Walton, as well as others: and like the honest keeper in the New Forest, when we endeavor to form an idea of paradise, we always suppose a trout-stream running through it." Hallam gives him a high rank in his "Literature of Europe." Lamb said of his book, "it would Christianize every discordant feeling," and Hazlitt calls it "the best pastoral in the language." Irving, first of American authors, has a genial page of graceful praise for Old Izaak. Lord Byron alone makes an attack on

"That solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint old coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it."

We need not undertake a defense which Scott has already made, but suggest with him that Byron was perhaps one of the not innumerable few who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

In conclusion, we only need exhort our uninitiated reader to read Izaak and go a fishing. Doing the first he will have much pleasure; and going a fishing, "atte the leest he hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease. A swete ayre of the swete savoure of the mede flowers; that makyth hym hungry. And yf the angler take fysshe; surely then is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte." And we can do no better than give him honest Izaak's wish that he may have "a rainy evening to read this discourse"; and that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing."

W. G. F.

The Harmonies of Nature.

" All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee."

R. H. Dana.

Not in poetic license alone, were these words spoken, although the sentiment is expressed in language more glorious than prose can command. It is a glorious *truth*, as well as a lofty thought, that is declared in them. A truth that is powerful to refute every argument of the atheist, and to cause gratitude in every heart that rejoices to find new proof that the universe is subject to the sway of an intelligent and benign Ruler; for who can raise his thoughts to the harmonies that exist in Nature, without yielding a tribute to the Almighty power and exquisite skill that has so arranged them.

To love harmony is a trait universal in the human mind. The untutored savage, alike with the most profound philosopher, discovers and admires concordance and adaptation. Although different scenes present it to his view, yet it is no less the same quality that attracts and stays his contemplation.

Objects of beauty are as various and numberless as those who seek to find them. What is beauty to one is not that which will attract another, yet with each the essence of what pleases is the same—that *which to his eye appears harmonious*. This is true even in those objects which it seems most absurd to consider in any sense as objects of beauty. The Chinese admires the deformed foot, but he does so because the foot of natural size would be to him an anomaly, or, in other words, would not *harmonize* with that to which he is accustomed.

We admire a noble edifice for the beauty of its proportions and the adaptation of its form. We read with pleasure the writings of one, because they do not disappoint us in this particular, while we yet unsatisfied lay aside the work of another, for it lacks that harmony and congruity which alone could render it attractive. The various parts of some complicated machine may be each, in themselves, unsightly, but when they unite to form a perfect, symmetrical *whole*, we admire the very uncomeliness that was necessary for their more perfect union.

On the other hand, things in themselves beautiful, may have anything but a pleasurable effect on account of some inharmonic grouping. Among

the crags and wilds of Switzerland, the stirring melodies and cheering bugle of its hardy mountaineers infinitely increase the interest and add to the beauty of the scenes among which they had their origin. But in some massive cathedral, whose gothic arches are but faintly seen in the "dim religious light," and where we listen for the low deep melody of the solemn organ, *there* let the same sound break upon the ear, and what could cause a more jarring discord, or one that would sooner dissipate all thoughts of beauty?

In a like import it is remarked by another, "How comparatively unmoving were the creations of Salvator Rosa, without his groups of banditti! And how far less interesting were the rocks, valleys, and woods of the romantic Claude, were we to expunge his shepherds, his flocks, and his ruins!" And we may add, how ridiculous and unsatisfactory would the spectacle appear, were we in the paintings of Salvator Rosa, for his "groups of banditti," to substitute the shepherds and flocks of Claude, while we attempted to supply the place of the latter with what we had erased from the picture of the former.

Thus everywhere we seek for *unity*, but for perfect unity, we look in vain elsewhere than in the harmonies of Nature.

Aye! the harmonies of Nature, for in Nature alone we listen in vain for one discordant note. Whether we examine the concourse of sweet sounds arising from the grand concert that nature's voices unceasingly raise, and borne to the ear upon every breeze, or—looking higher—learn to approve those harmonies—more figurative but none the less perfect—by which every movement of created worlds is influenced and governed, we can but be filled with wonder and admiration, as new beauties and renewed evidences of skill unceasingly open before us.

Man's genius has indeed produced much that is pleasing and satisfactory, but yet how beggarly and pitiful were his lot, could he not turn to nature and there find all that is really beautiful and symmetrical in richest profusion.

The paintings of an Angelo, a Raphael, or a Rubens will rivet the gaze of an admirer of beauty for hours, and unnumbered weary leagues have been traversed to enable the pilgrim to feast his eyes upon these triumphs of art,—yet nature affords to the humblest tiller of the ground a nobler picture.

Would he look upon gorgeous coloring? Let him watch the changing hues of the clouds as the sun breaks through at the close of some lowery day, and he will there see tints that Raphael might strive indeed to copy, but strive but to despair. Does he desire to see a bold, vigorous

sketch from Nature's gallery? What scene that has ever been pictured on canvas can compare with the majesty presented, when Nature rolls together black and turgid clouds—upheaves the huge surges of the ocean, and illumines the scene with the glare of the lightning.

Thus could we enumerate an endless diversity of scenes, each perfect in itself—harmonious; but we forbear. Nature's pictures are familiar to all.

But not to the eye alone is harmony pleasing. With many, discords strike much more harshly upon the ear; and although the love of harmonies that reach the mind through the sense of harmony is not so universal, it is often much more intense. Music will often influence where every other means has failed. It has aroused in slaves the courage of freemen—it has rallied failing armies—it has soothed the wildest passions to repose, and more than once has it nerved the down-trodden to cast from them the tyrant's chain. We cannot but place those whose genius has been directed to the unfolding and fashioning of this class of harmonies, in the first rank of those whom we delight to honor.

But has Nature no music! Are there no harmonies in "Nature's sweet and kindly voices!" Let the breeze rustling through the tree tops whisper an answer. Let the birds filling the groves with their carolings bear witness; or let the ocean, adding the deep bass with its sullen roar, bring proof to the contrary. Truly it was not childish fancy alone, that caused the dying boy to earnestly question, "What are the wild waves saying?" for they sound a never-ending strain of harmony—at one time soft and low, and again breaking forth into the wildest and most majestic chords.

Yes! Nature has *music* amid her many harmonies, and when she issues her mandate,

"Wake! all ye powers of earth and air,
Or great, or grand, or wild, or fair;
Wake! minds and waters, vocal be
And mingle with the melody,"

such strains arise as art may strive in vain to equal.

Thus have we endeavored to speak of some of the "harmonies of Nature," but there are others that are rather to be studied than described—the laws that govern the universe—laws which, whether they extend their influence to restrain the farthest star, or stoop to perfect the organization of the humblest insect, alike possesses a beauty and harmony that far transcends our feeble comprehension.

And noble indeed is this study, for it purifies and enlarges the heart, expands the mind, and lifts the thoughts above the world. Then let

each one cultivate a love for the beautiful in Nature, and he will find that there is nothing in all her wide domain, that has not been created with a view of exciting pleasure as well as of satisfying the ends of mere utility.

E. N. W.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

The Part which the Soldier has Acted in the History of Man.

BY ANDREW J. WILLARD, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MAN has ever lived a life of strife. From the time when violence first shed fraternal blood, to the time when "demoniac phrenzy" seized for death the incarnate Deity; from the time when the sword of Roman despotism ruthlessly ruled the world, to the time when Europe's armed alliance fled so oft before the shock of Gallic cavalry, History seems a congeries of cruelty and crime—of bravery and brutality—of tumult and anarchy—of assault and repulse—of victory and defeat. The chief part herein has the Soldier acted.

Civilization is the History of man. War is the embodiment of the Soldier's acts. What has been the influence of war upon Civilization may, therefore, be one point of our inquiry. We presume not to unfold fully the plans of Omniscience. We speak not the things that we do know; but, rather, as far as possible, develop the seeming course of God's providence.

Were it just, fain would we say naught of war's evils. The World knows them by heart. Ten thousand battles have not "been eloquent in vain!" Though Justice has, indeed, armed the oppressed;—though Right has, indeed, spurred the down-trodden to deeds of deathful daring;—though Deity himself has set opposed embattled millions in shock of sanguinary strife, yet even here "the groan, the tear, the knell, the pall, the bier," have not been eloquent in vain.

When thus righteously,

"Red Battle stamps his foot and nations feel the shock,"

are then ravage and desolation, pestilence and famine, smouldering cities, wasted plains, untold sufferings, drained treasures, crushing burdens, cor-

rupt lives, debased morals, unshriven deaths, eloquent to man in vain? Ah, no! Full well he sees them—knows them all. And now myriads of anguished souls are heard to cry,

“Oh! be the warfare of the world accursed!”

To contend for freedom is, indeed, sublime. But who contend against that freedom? And “Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name?” Unjust wars may, indeed, at times accomplish some good. But what ill do they not inflict? Surely, darkness worse than Cimmerian must surround the warrior’s gleaming deeds.

When human rights have been confirmed, we may overlook the price, so crushing, in the acquisition, so ennobling. But, when we remember that struggles for Liberty have oft miscarried for ages and forever; that a disputed throne has equipped more armies than has freedom since time began;*—when we recollect how hair-breadth honor,—how fondness for excitement, for notoriety,—how some chance-medley,—how lust for dominion, for power, for fame,—how passions of envy, of jealousy, of revenge,—how restlessness in peace, love of peril, bigotry in religion, have again, again and still again, sent forth their myrmidons to fight against friend and foe;—when, in vain, or well nigh in vain, we seek for some immediate benefit to humanity, and when, instead of benefit, we see the wonted horrors of war, increased by worse sins, sullied by worse excesses, defiled by worse enormities; what, *then*, must be our verdict upon the Soldier? When we read of the frequent fate of the conquered—their goods, their rights, their lives, torn away—complete extermination their end;—when we reflect how oft the victorious nation, with its citizens slain, its treasure spent, its industry checked, amid feuds and anarchy has staggered for years beneath oppressive burdens, or, corrupted by vice, enervated by luxury, weakened by expansion, has sunk at last to lowest degradation;—when we see how “mercenary murder, grown a trade,” has turned its sword hither and thither for despotism, for anarchy, for every evil that can inflict humanity;—when, in fine, we faintly trace the influence that all this—more than all this—has had upon the world’s progress; what, *then*, must be our verdict upon the Soldier? Have examples of ferocity, of cruelty, of baseness, of recklessness, been unheeded by man? Has the deprivation of a people’s dearest rights, or, the annihilation of a nation’s character been harmless to human advancement? Has civil feud—fraternal hate—dismembered society;—has destroyed industry—leveled repositories—ravaged fields;—has fettered commerce;—has ruined art;—

* The President.

has neglected science;—has corrupted literature;—has the desolated home—the sorrow, the want, the woe;—has contempt for religion, for its rites, for its institutions, for its injunctions, done naught to impede Civilization! Has that huge hand on Time's boundless dial-plate steadily moved on its measured way despite of *such* obstructions? Though we fathom not the depth of Omnipotence, yet human reason and experience unite to confirm this grand truth: war is humanity's sorest enemy!

Thus, then, the Soldier's deeds, baneful to mankind, though oftentimes performed—apologetically let it be said—only in obedience to some commanding power. What, now, is his character, the offspring of such pernicious influences? "Bred in broils;"—nurtured in camp, siege, and onset, the warrior's mind receives an impress and oft his character, a change which time serves but to promote. Vice, triumphant over the firmest, then revels with unbridled license. If Experience were a closed book, Reason now would tell too sad—too truthful a tale! Thus does she speak.

Can men who for years have acted the fiend at once act the saint? Can a Surajah Dowlah at once become a Howard? Can Tamerlane, with his mounted hordes at once cast down the cimetar and work the works of peace? No! not thus easily can "the leopard change his spots!" From the Soldier's character society must needs suffer. Into her constitution will oft be cast the individual principles of coldness and inhumanity, even, in feeling,—of wavering and waywardness in action,—of sluggishness and torpor in business,—of restlessness and then insubordination under civil restraint. Think you that these will cause no harm? Think you that human progress will receive no backward thrust from these influences? Can cruelty exercise philanthropy? Can fickleness advance art? Can perverseness succor science? Can inertness earn bread by the sweat of the brow?

Thus asks Reason. Mournful epochs in every nation's history answer most truly. Long is it, ere the disbanded servitors of violence, coldness, lawlessness and tumult, casting aside the pæans of onset and triumph; willingly—earnestly—heartily sing the songs of security and peace!

Looking thus upon this dark, tumultuous streamlet that meanders down to us from the Past, sadly now ask we ourselves—Have the waters been "troubled" in vain? Has man done naught but to hate and to kill? Has this gloom no glimmering to cheer? Has the ensanguined field yielded no fruit of hope? Has the soldier done deeds of darkness alone;—deeds, over which Humanity mourns and Depravity exults?

Has he done no good to man? Has he always acted Macbeth's part, shedding blood that would

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine?"

Has he never acted a part worthy of that One

"[Whom] murmuring demons hate, [while they] admire?"

Come, then, we will open the History of man. Let us peruse it together candidly. Let us survey the Soldier narrowly. For, peradventure, he may be like the "Venus de Medicis that expresses different passions according to the points from which it is contemplated."

Man's existence has, indeed, been stormy. Yet our own age tells of a wonderful progress. Not of a progress which, inseparable from our being, *must be* and therefore *is* despite of war and war's attendant evils. But of a progress aided in some measure by what appears at first view the source of unmitigated woe. Even as the influence which has dragged down our world to the Sun, has, in our onward course, kept us from illimitable space, where, like the missing Pleiad, we had been lost forever.

To tell how the Egyptian Oziris conquered and civilized,—how the Titans, subduing Greece, never deified by those who thus were freed for a while from the most debasing barbarism;—to consider many such as these, so early that myths have enclouded them;—then to bring forward the unfortunate Sicilian Expedition of the Athenians, as a proof that disaster even is sometimes for the good of a nation;—to note "the retreat of the ten thousand," a grand testimony to man of the power of human energy and endurance;—to point out Decius, an example of exalted patriotism, but one amid myriads;—to recall to mind the many cities founded by Alexander, which, in some measure, compensated for his devastations;—to argue from known events that intestine contentions have made a nation greater by nourishing the patriotic spirit;—to cite the instances of numerous states to show how war "consolidated in each of them apart the political union, and, by strengthening the hands of government prepared the way for the progress of Society;"*—in a word, to detach thus here and there a fact from the past to establish individual principles, must indicate to unprejudiced minds that war, though undertaken unjustifiably, has at times been of signal and lasting benefit to the human race. But, passing over many of this nature, known to every attentive reader of History, we prefer briefly to illustrate our meaning by several connected examples nearer our own times.

* Dugald Stewart.

Consider, first, the beginning of the Christian era. The Roman legions subdued the world. Then in their track followed the refinement of civilization which, counteracting the grossness of the Barbarians, opened the way for the Soldiers of the "Prince of Peace."

Look at this "vast despotism of the Cæsars" several ages later! Corruption, torpor, luxury, every imaginable vice, bore unbounded sway. Then came the terrible invasion from the North. The fierce worshippers of the war-god, Odin, seized the cities and plains of Italy. Europe was doomed to a thousand years of barbarian bondage. But happy for her was this conquest, so dreadful, so complete! Else, had she met with a far worse fate. Else, had the beginning of the "second civilization of mankind"* been deferred—we know not how long. In what manner all this "has produced such lasting and beneficial results to European civilization,"† history tells truthfully—scholars trace clearly.

But time rolled on. Barbarism had accomplished its mission. Its savage hordes must now be checked. Europe—"rudis indigestaque moles"—again needed the warrior's aid. Other important influences, we acknowledge, were here brought to bear. But yet the continued triumphs of Charlemagne over Germanic and Mohammedan invasion, confessedly stand prominent.‡ Most happily for civilization his deeds make him worthy of the title of "Great."

Still time rolled on. Then bigotry and restlessness eight times spurred on the Crusaders against the overweening tyranny of the Mussulmans. The plains of Asia Minor were whitened with the deads' unburied bones. Europe was decimated! But its medieval darkness vanished before the splendor of Grecian and Moslem civilization. Mind awoke from its Endymion-slumber. Art and Science revived. Society was centralized. Europe was rejuvenated!

But far happier an influence than all this has the world received from the warrior's deeds. A nation's freedom seldom comes save by mighty throes. Yet cheerfully and wisely are they endured; for their end is peace and prosperity. Here despotism's defeat is liberty's victory. Liberty's victory is civilization's triumph. Oppression laid low, causes Humanity to smile. For the enslaved are deaf to the voice of their immortality within, as long as the Sirens of pitiless absolutism chant in their ears this "old Claudian litany":

'Nunquam libertas gratior existat
Quam sub rege pio.'

* Macaulay.

† Guizot.

‡ Guizot.

But let the spell be once broken ;—let man once know his rights, and, “knowing, *dare maintain*,” then midst war and confusion must despotisms and tyrannies servilely slink to their doomful dens. This to the Soldier’s praise. This to the Soldier’s eternal glory ! Shall we look to History for proof ?

Patriotism, when the very life-blood of the warrior, has once and again opposed invading armies to preserve freedom. She has triumphed ! She triumphed, when Miltiades met the Mede at Marathon. She triumphed, when Thebes encountered Lacedæmon on the field of Leuctra. She triumphed, when Alfred routed the Danes at Eddington. She triumphed with Bruce at Bannockburn. Time was, when the proud house of Hapsburg fain thought to crush to lowest bondage the mountain-bred children of Switzerland. Time was, when Spanish inquisitors fain essayed to place the martyr’s San Benito upon Holland’s hardy burghers. Time was, too, when—strange to tell !—England did forget that *England’s Sons* “never can be slaves.” But, the sufferings of the Helvettii ;—Philip’s auto da fé ;—North’s infatuation !—Say, served they not to raise up nations of heroes ? In the blessings, handed down by these same heroes as a legacy for all ages, say ! rejoice not now their sons—rejoice not we ourselves with joy ineffable ?

But not always has instant victory crowned the patriotic warrior. Oft-times have been heard the wailings of despair :—so unlike the shouts of jubilee !—so dissonant from the songs of prosperity ! “Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell !” Gallic arms again laid waste the “Eternal City,” as Garibaldi fled for life to the massy fastnesses of the Apennines. “Leagued Oppression” cruelly rejoiced, as Gorgey cast his bleeding country at the feet of the Autocrat.

But is that the end ? “Has all this gallant blood gushed forth in vain ?” Must now freedom and human progress cower *forever* before the Cossack ? Not thus. For, see ! in the workings of the past “Providence to accomplish his designs is prodigal of courage, virtues, and sacrifices.” See ! it is only after a host of noble hearts have fallen into despair, that the triumph comes. But it *does come* at last ! God “makes a step, and ages have rolled away !” Then behold. As continued droppings of water loosen the huge stone upon the mountain’s side, that now one blow hurls it from the foundation, so the remembrance of former strivings and the gratings of bondage slowly undermine old abuses, until another struggle of humanity sends them to their doomed destruction. This is the “part” of the citizen-soldier. Though his labored moles roll back the huge tide-wave of time, *not forever* do they keep it there. On it soon

comes, with accumulated, redoubled power, submerging thrones, principalities, tyrannies, despotisms, in one, unfathomable depth of ruin!

So must it now and ever be. The ensanguined field has long nourished the seed of hope, and now no human power can resist the upheavings of mighty nature's growth.

As history shows these illustrious achievements of the warrior, so she points to this, his noble character. Noble—for, the offspring of war, it has grown into the perfect statue of peace. Born in the wild woods of Germany, cradled in the ferocity of feudalism, nourished by the violence of anarchy, it manfully opposed the barbarian fury of the middle ages; and, smoothing the rugged pathway of human progress, became the "glory of Europe," and her hope forever. The gorgeousness of its primordial greatness has perished! Yet, the gentler humanities of life will ever delight to ponder upon the fostering care of Knight-errantry, and sing to the praise of Chivalry. Herein admire we the Paladin's character—a character unique, yet uniform; wild, yet refined; contradictory, yet consistent; a temple, uniting Doric strength with Corinthian beauty, whose well nigh every column and cornice cause us to wonder and to admire.

Long ere the name of Knight was heard, the warrior's bravery stood before the world, a noble model for imitation. Nor was it unheeded. The moral courage of a Socrates, of a Cicero, of a Regulus, is immortal. But the signet of true valor was stamped upon Chivalry's sons, when the pure, the innocent, the unfortunate, the helpless, looked to their omnipotence for protection from overweening oppressors. Has the world beheld their gallantry in vain?

Long ere the clash of tournaments were heard, clemency to the vanquished foe was made the warrior's praise. The "attribute to God himself" became the poet's theme. Men of peace caught the song. But the mercy that "is twice blessed" chants no human voice more sweetly, more purely, more nobly, than the minstrel of knight-errantry. Chants he to the world in vain?

But more ennobling has been the soldier's character. Valor had been violence; lenity had been ferocity, without honor and justice. Honor dignifies; justice deifies. Honor, pure, scrupulous, manly, heroic! Justice, calm, dignified, refined, impartial! Where find ye these oftener than in the warrior? Where more conspicuously than in the true cavalier? Stand these forever before the world in vain?

Yet gentler has been the soldier's character. Gentler; for he has honored, cherished, protected, the gentleness of humanity. From savage

debasement to patriarchal respect; from feudal isolation to knightly reverence, we reach the grand climacteric of her moral and social life-time. Here we pause. Though ever so truthfully the historian write; though ever so eloquently the orator speak; though ever so divinely the poet sing; unwritten, unspoken, unsung, were woman's praise and woman's worth. And now, the amenities of civilized life, the noble sentiment, the polite intercourse, the nice punctilio, the refined deference, the pure respect, the chaste admiration, which make woman what she is, trace back their ancestry to the romantic time of gothic and feudal chevaliers.

This—more than this—to the praise of chivalry. Upon it have after ages looked with gratitude and with admiration. With gratitude; for all take therefrom life-long blessings. With admiration; for it stands forth a statue of the true warrior. Throw round, now, the drapery with which time has so oft adorned it; firmness, scorning at peril; energy, laughing at impossibility; generosity, unmindful of self; enthusiasm, rising to sublimity; friendship, nourished amid hate; devotion, prodigal of life; magnanimity, worthy of Deity. Then, say! stands it not forth a far nobler statue? Will man gaze unmoved? Will the world feel, and not act?

Breathe, now, into that statue the breath of life. There he stands, an active, living reality! Glorious power—"tremendous power," is his! Eternity alone can measure his deeds. Omniscience alone can know his might.

Inexplicably, yet palpably radiate forth from the page of History the achievements of these Dii Majores in human progress.

Glance to the time when Hampden, the Orator, the Statesman, the Soldier, his country's hope and leader, with his life-blood proved himself that country's defender and martyr. Hampden died!. But he lived again. For, soon one, like

"Neptune, show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race."

With might—with might of iron-will—saved he them;—for omnipotence came from Heaven. Let, now, sectarists sneer at "cant," as they may;—let factionists denounce "sword-law," as they may;—let monarchists rave at "regicide," as they may;—yet, even when "the king-becoming graces"* of England's Protector are forgotten, human progress with human liberty will

"In this conjunction still on Britain smile,
The *greatest leader*, and the *greatest isle*."

* *Macbeth*, Act 4: Sc. 3.

But, Hampden and Cromwell may be forgotten. Errors and imperfections may consume the towering pagodas of their fame;—for, the light and creeping lichen spares not the mountain, nor the castle. But look ye for “Time’s noblest offspring?” His praise is on every tongue. For him Columbia’s gratitude rears a cloud-capt obelisk, transcending Egyptian pyramids, yet unequal to the loftiness* of his fame. *He was a Soldier!* And now o’er lands oppressed, as Freedom’s

“Watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour,”

no mortal sound is so potent for hope and for joy, as the small voice that whispers the name of “Washington.”—*He was a Soldier!*—His gleaming sword was a nation’s beacon. With riveted eye that nation gazed and followed. For,

“The light which led him on
Was light from Heaven!”

Jupiter Ultor stands not alone in the Pantheon. Other warriors have acted a “part” in the scenic past. Would that we here could pause! Would, rather, that the Soldier’s ambition had not thus often sullied his fair and honored name! Behold, then, the Heroes of History—the grand Leaders of mankind—the Conquerors of the world. Combining many—well nigh all, even—of the Soldier’s noble attributes;—the embodied glory of their country—leading her, as if they were

“Made by some other deity than nature;—

dazzling in their deeds, but dark in their designs, mournfully oft—too oft—for humanity are they portrayed on the “historic page.” Mournfully; for, with some unworthy motive or some unholy ambition, as the guiding star of their life, they

“Dipp’d their swords in blood, and wrote
Their names on the lands and cities desolate.”

All, then, that war has done of good and of evil;—all that Society has suffered from disbanded violence and lawlessness, and all that freedom has received from the patriotic spirit;—all that martial and chivalric virtues and vices have wrought in man’s character;—all the baneful and beneficial influence that the mighty leaders of human power and energy have exercised upon the world’s destiny—known alone to the ken of Omniscience—is “the part which the Soldier has acted in the History of Man.” He has spurned with untold contempt the Cross of Life! He has bowed in humble submission before its melting influences!

* Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

The Diplomatic History of Modern Times.

BY THEODORE BACON, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE warrior marks his course with blood: the world sees, admires, deifies. But there is yet another power in history, whose weapon is the pen, far mightier than the sword—whose panoply is parchment, not triple brass—whose arena, the council-chamber, not the battle-field. This power is Diplomacy. Has not it, too, heroes and triumphs? Has not *peace*

“Her victories,

No less renowned than war!”

Let us see.

We stand as in the long, dim aisle of some old cathedral, looking forward into the unknown future—back, into the misty past. Across the narrowing vista, at our bidding, seem to pass in review the actors in the ages;—and first, we gaze far back amid the clustered columns. There, where hostile armies are marshaling for the fray, the eagle of Spain looks fiercely down from his bannered state upon the lily of France—that snow white lily, by whose side, in loving emulation, waves the tall white plume of her warrior-king. We gaze and admire, while there sweeps grandly down to us among the echoing vaults of time,

“The mingled din

Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin,”

and high and clear, above the noise of battle, that kingly voice—

“Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre!”

The world, too, sees, and rings with plaudits to the intrepid victor; but the world sees not that in that wounded, discomfited soldier, scarce able to drag his fainting limbs from the battle-field, there lies more of the destiny of France than in her triumphant monarch. *Henry* led the armies of the Lily to victory at Ivry, but *Sully*, in the council-halls of Switzerland, had first to call those armies into being.

We look again; and see now the veterans of Tilly and Wallenstein scattered before the progress of that warlike Swede, like fleecy clouds before the fierce blast from the Baltic. Again we wonder at the glories of the warrior, and we grant him a willing apotheosis; but we see not, in his closet at the Louvre, that peaceful priest, who steals but an hour from the indulgences of the licentious capital, to plan the treaties which hurl foreign armies against the enemies of France—which urge the light shallop of Swedish nationality athwart the threatening prow of the Austrian

ship of State—stopping the course of the one, though the other be crippled in rigging, and shattered in hull. And we hear too, the wily voice of *Richelieu*, in the pride of a patriotic selfishness, send its utterance down the ages—"I wrought not for France, but for myself—I am the State."

Again we gaze into the perspective of the past; but our glance rests now on that terrific death-struggle of the nations, scarce half a century back. We look with wonder on the warrior of the age, and count him the greatest hero in history, as he makes crowns and purple bow to the dust before his unheroic garb, and Czar and Kaiser sue for alliance with the son of the Corsican lawyer. But there is also another Corsican—a diplomatist, as well as a warrior. Mingled with the thunder of that well-served battery at Toulon, there had gone up to Heaven a vow of vengeance, for *Paoli's* sake, on that renegade family whose efforts had frustrated his patriotic plans for Corsica. But surely, that slim, lithe form was but a feeble force to withstand the armies of France! So thought indeed the general—the consul—the emperor: the warrior scorned the diplomat, nor heeded, in the midst of his victories, that snake-like figure, gliding from court to court, the citizen of every empire that would make his private foe its own—urging the panic-stricken monarchs to bethink themselves of their boasted might—teaching them, by that art their foe despised, to render bootless his victories, and doubly disastrous his defeats—riveting, by the craft of argument, the links of the Alliance—appealing, in the name of Christendom, against the slightest show of indulgence to the scourge of Christendom—protesting against the perilous mercy of Elba, with a prophetic monition of the Hundred Days—and sitting finally triumphant in the Tuilleries, the very embodiment of successful vengeance, to partition the empire of that old Corsican rival. *Di Borgo* was no hero: Bonaparte scorned diplomacy; but the serpent struck its fangs to the heart of the lion—the base hound dragged to the earth the tiger it had tracked for others' darts to wound, and the friend of *Paoli* lived to say of the Emperor of the French, "Though I have not politically killed him, yet I have cast the first clod of earth upon his coffin."

But one figure more, and we have done with the group:—it is that of *Talleyrand de Perigord*. The mind shrinks appalled from his unabashed and consistent perfidy; and the exultation of the Arch-Traitor himself must have been tinged with apprehension lest the palm of duplicity should be no longer his. Possessed by the conflicting passions of debauchery and ambition, we see him lay his plans with equal deliberation and equal success, to effect the ruin of an unsuspecting maiden, and to gain and

betray the confidence of a nation. We see him commence his career by deserting his Church, when his Church could help him no farther in the road to power; then, plunging into all the fury of the Revolution, he saves his power and his life at the expense of his nobility, and comes out of the fiery furnace at last, the well-trying servant of the Directory. The Directory threatens to fall; he leaps in good time from the tottering edifice and seizes hold of the rising fortunes of the conqueror of Italy. He foresees the Consulate and then the Empire, and identifies himself with the glory and the power of both by being the first to advise them. His cautious nature is appalled at the imperial contempt of diplomacy; and when the Emperor, in the flush of Marengo, scorns to haggle with his vanquished foes over the scales of negotiation, but Brennus-like, flings haughtily the sheathed sword into the opposing balance, the wary politician, in these foreshadowings of *Chatillon*, saw no less clearly than in the days of Moscow, "the beginning of the end." Then, casting his eyes about him for a new cause to serve and to betray, we see the premier of France in the pay at once of the Emperor, the Bourbons and each of the allies, all trusting that her foreign relations were managed for their advantage alone, and all alike his dupes. The hour comes for tearing away the mask of duplicity, and he sways the movements of five obedient empires with the mighty apothegm—"The Restoration is a principle, everything else an intrigue." Then, when the Three Days had changed the power, and with it Talleyrand, from the house of Bourbon the house of Orleans, having kept his hand upon the helm throughout the roughest voyage of the ship of state, whatever crew might gain possession of her, whatever gale might threaten her destruction—ever guarding his own security with his chosen motto—" *Je plie, et ne romps pas*"—I bend but break not—ever guarding the secrets of his bosom by that other apothegm, "Language is given to man to conceal his thoughts"—ever holding out to those in power that utterance full of solemn warning, "There is something in me that bodes no good to the governments that neglect me," having made thrones and dynasties the sport for a generation, not of France, nor of France with Talleyrand, but of Talleyrand alone, he sinks quietly to rest at last, surrounded by a more than Oriental magnificence of wealth, in that old mansion in the Rue de Rivoli where the Restoration was accomplished, his dying hours consoled by that "King of the French," for whom he had overthrown the Restoration; the very incarnation of successful villany; a Satan in wiles and a Satan in perfidy; the devil in his chosen human form of the diplomatist.

Such, then, have been the diplomatists of former times. Must the diplomatist of the present day, and especially of our own country, be only

such as these? Is the Ambassador then in truth merely "a worthy gentleman sent abroad to *lie* for his country!"* Alas! then, if this be so, for the republic which entrusts its guidance to the integrity of a man whose profession is mendacity. The days of one-man power are passed; there is none who can stand up in the midst of a democracy and say like Richelieu, "*I am the state*;" who shall feel that he can do himself no greater good than by doing the State good; and when integrity and interest are gone, what other safeguard has the State? But duplicity is *not* the only requisite for success in negotiation. So long as the bright examples of *Temple* and *De Witt* are handed down as a rich legacy to posterity—so long as the name of our own *Franklin* shall stand connected with the treaty which gained our independence, and with the treaty which secured it, so long may the American diplomatist, feeling and acting upon the principle that there is no policy better than honesty, lift up his head like a true man among the lying dogs that crouch about the feet of despotism.

Thus the diplomatist must have first integrity. But if he would not have his honesty made the dupe of knaves, and the laughing-stock of all men, let him guard it well with good store of *tact*. Let him cultivate as a rich endowment, not the tact of knaves, which seeks only to entangle an adversary, but that honest tact, which, not only shuns the snare, but can lead into it the dastard foe that laid it; not that whose highest achievement is to "keep the back to the light, and learn to take snuff,"† but which at Copenhagen found its impersonation in that bluff old Admiral, who saw with the eye of the true diplomatist that a question of wax or a wafer might be a question of failure or success in negotiation; not that tact which smiles and asks, "Art thou well my brother?" while it plunges a dagger to the heart, but that which with the good broadsword of the true man, parries the most artful stroke of broadsword or of dagger: that tact which catches the bird, while talent shakes the bush—without which intellect is but a dead Titan. With tact like this, let him maintain his influence at Versailles, at Potsdam, at St. James, not by dinner-parties, not by bribery, not by personal intrigue, not by fomenting conspiracies nor by meddling with administrations, but by that nobleness of action, which, scorning to sacrifice great manhood to petty statesmanship, by great manhood and great statesmanship, makes each sentence of the republican envoy more noted than wordy proclamations from pompous representatives of royalty.

* Sir Henry Wotton.

† Lord Malmesbury.

Our true diplomatist, then, has tact; he has integrity: but there is one thing more. He cannot *be* the state; let him then represent the sentiment and the will of the state with the faithfulness of the upright advocate, who makes his client's cause his own. He stands before the bar of the universe, to plead upon the eternal principles of national justice—the advocate of a nation—the noblest advocate in the world! But let him bear in mind that the government is not the country, nor its principles of course the principles of the country. The ivory sceptres of our Senators themselves may be held by profligates and demagogues; our veteran Cato from the Northwest lakes, may close again and again his malignant tirades against our mother-land with his impotent “*Delenda est Britannia*;” our youthful Catiline of the Crescent State, openly plotting dissolution, yet cling closely to a share in administration, may pour forth his glowing rhetoric in torrents against the “despotism” of Her Catholic Majesty; but let our diplomatist remember that he represents not the Senate, but the country. Let him then represent the liberty of the country, to the slavery of Europe—the republicanism of the country to the despotism of Europe—aye! and let him represent the religion of the country, and the God of the country, to the priestcraft of Europe. Let him seek his model of the consummate statesman not in Machiavelli, not in Metternich—let him look to his own illustrious antecedents, let him look to Adams, to Franklin, to Livingston, to Jay. I may not name the living; but the just-closed mouth of that lone sepulchre that overlooks the sea at Marshfield, bears sad memorial that Webster is to be named with Adams and Franklin. Look, then, to him—not with contempt, because that great brain showed the torpor of approaching death in later South American diplomacy, but with emulous admiration that it dictated the treaty of Washington,—that it gave birth to that letter to Hulsemann which even now makes tyrants quake, even as the armed goddess sprang at once into terrible existence from the brain of Olympian Jove.

Thus equipped, let the American diplomatist stand up for his country before the universe. I discuss not questions of policy; the examples of such statesmen, the dignity of his country, and the Law of Nations being kept ever in view, his policy cannot fail to be right. But I see on the page of the last century's history, two instances of widely different national policies, which he would do well to compare and to choose between. I see that pale young empress-queen, standing upon the Mount of Defiance, the iron crown of St. Stephen upon her brow, wave mournfully the great sword of state to the north and the south, the east and the west, and call upon the four quarters of the earth to avenge her child

upon the invader. I see every sword spring from its scabbard, as every heart leaps responsive in its bony prison-house—and I hear ten thousand voices roar in unison with the ringing of those sabres—"Moriatur, moriamur pro Rege nostro, Maria Theresa!" I see the armies of Britain and of France rush impetuous at the summons, into conflict to maintain the cause of right, and snatch the struggling dove from the bloody talons of the hawk. My heart warms at the magnanimity of the nations, and I look again with hopefulness. I see another figure upon another mount. On Buda's hill of carnage the Genius of Hungarian Liberty waves abroad the red sword that has drunk the blood of tyrants, and calls upon the world, as Hungary's queen a hundred years before, to defend her cause and the insulted Law of Nations. The free peoples of the earth looked anxiously upon the deepening contest; but who among them moved to help as in those days of yore? Sinking beneath the united power of Austrian despotism and Russian despotism, Hungary, in the wide world of freemen

"Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe—
Strength in her arms, or mercy in her woe;
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career!"

The heart of an *American* throbs with indignant shame, that his country should prove false to freedom, and a disgrace to those whose blood anointed her nativity. He asks the cause of such recreance, and hears faintly echoed back to him from the pillared magnificence of our national council-chambers, sage words of caution, and appeal to the venerated "policy of Washington." The policy of Washington a *selfish* policy? The policy of Washington destructive of the law of nations; opposed to every interest of human freedom? The policy of Washington *is* for us; not for us against the world, but through us, for the world, and for mankind. The policy of Washington is our country's, even as our country guards his ashes. Beneath his mossy tomb by the rolling Potomac, our Washington sleeps well; and the sacred presence sends its sweet influence through the land. It is felt in our own New England, and the hardy pine grapples its roots more lovingly to the earth that boasts of such a trust. It is felt beneath the warm sun of Carolina, and the magnolia spreads its snowy blossoms in richer luxuriance to the breeze. It is felt beyond the "father of waters," and the broad prairies smile as they feel it, and blossom into fields of wavy corn. But ah! thou false diplomat! vain is the selfishness that would make this blessing all our own—"canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades?" Gently

the broad Potomac sends its ripples against that neglected grave, and receives back with them a consecration to freedom, from that hand so hostile to tyrants. On rolls the Potomac to the sea, and the ocean-billows receive in turn the blessed quality; and the ocean-currents speed them on their way, bearing to every struggling nation the influence which nerves them to success; to every haughty tyrant the spirit of impending destruction. On it speeds, on its world-mission; on through the classic Mediterranean; on till dashes its spray against the farthest cove of the "inhospitable Euxine"—it eddies mournfully, yet hopefully, among the palaces of fallen Venice; resounds with stern admonitions of speedy vengeance against the castle-walls in the glorious "Bay of Naples," and sends its surges fearlessly through the well-guarded Baltic, till in the city of the Czar itself, it makes the cruel Bear of Muscovy plunge wildly back, with impotent gnashings, from the poison that is gnawing at his very heart. It dashes mightily among those snowy hills; and in spite of the struggles of the diplomatists of obsolete tyranny, against our modern, yet old diplomacy of freedom, it still

"Shall guard that ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more."

Memorabilia Yalensia.

SUMMARY OF OBITUARY RECORD OF YALE ALUMNI,

Read at the Meeting, July 27, 1853.

Class.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.
1780, Eneas Munson,	New Haven,	Aug. 22, 1852,	89.
1784, William Lord,	Lyme,	Feb. 13, 1852,	89.
1785, Micah Jones Lyman,	Bennington, Vt.	1852,	85.
1786, Benjamin Ely,	Bloomfield,	Aug. 26, 1852,	85.
" Rev. Calvin White,	Derby,	Mich. 21, 1853,	90.
1787, John Stoddard,	Cleveland, O.	May 9, 1853,	86.
1790, Rev. Asabel Strong Norton,	Clinton, N. Y.	May 10, 1853,	87.
1795, Jared Scranton,	N. Guilford,	Mich. 15, 1853,	82.
1796, Elisha Stearns,	Tolland,	Oct. 27, 1850,	74.
1797, Josiah B. Andrews,	New York City,	Apr. 26, 1853,	75.
1799, James Luce Kingsley,	New Haven,	Aug. 31, 1852,	74.
1801, Peter Hitchcock,	Painesville, O.	Mich. 4, 1853,	72.
1802, Elisha Hammond,	Brookfield, Mass.	May 10, 1851,	71.
" Silas Higley,	Granby,	June 21, 1853,	76.
" Nathan Johnson,	Hartford,	Oct. 12, 1852,	73.
" Junius Smith,	Astoria, N. Y.	Jan. 22, 1853,	72.
1803, Rev. Elisha Deming Andrews,	Armada, Mich.	Jan. 11, 1853,	69.
" Joseph Harrington,	Roxbury, Mass.	Dec. 7, 1852,	71.
" Rev. George Perkins,	Norwich,	Sept. 17, 1852,	68.

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Class.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.
1803, Jonathan Kellogg,	New Canaan,	May 12, 1853,	73
1804, Jeremiah Vanderbilt,	Rahway, N. J.	Aug. 29, 1851,	64.
1806, Henry Strong,	Norwich,	Nov. 11, 1852.	
" Josiah B. Strong,	Starksboro, Vt.	July, 1850.	
1807, Rev. Samuel Thomas Mills,	New York City,	Feb. 27, 1853,	69.
" Rev. John Lewis Tomlinson,	Cleveland, O.	Mch. 18, 1853.	
1808, John Brainard,	New Orleans,	Nov. 22, 1851,	69.
1810, Frederick Gunn,	New Milford,	Nov. 21, 1852,	65.
1811, Edward Carrington Mayo,	Richmond, Va.	July, 1852.	
1815, Rev. Orin Fowler,	Washington, D. C.	Sept. 3, 1852,	61.
" William Sidney Rossiter,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Aug. 31, 1852,	54.
1818, Cyrus Hall Beardsley,	Fairfield,	Aug. 13, 1852,	53.
1820, Rev. Zabdiel Rogers,	Charleston, S. C.	Nov. 22, 1852,	57.
" Richard H. Lee,	Cincinnati, O.	July 21, 1853.	
1821, Rev. Joseph Goodrich,	Wethersfield, Ill.	1852.	
" Rev. John A. Hempsted,	Hartford,	Dec. 1851,	48.
1823, Simeon Hart,	Farmington,	Apr. 30, 1853,	57.
" Rev. Thomas John Young,	Charleston, S. C.	Oct. 11, 1852.	
1852, William Rutherford Hayes,	Barbadoes, W. I.	July 13, 1852,	48.
1826, Zina Denison,	Peninsula, O.	Nov. 4, 1852,	45.
" Rev. Horatio N. Graves,	Orange, N. J.	Oct. 21, 1852,	47.
1828, Sidney Brainard Willey,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Apr. 13, 1853,	46.
1829, George Richards Lewis,	New London,	June 18, 1853,	44.
1830, Anthony Dumond Stanley,	East Hartford,	Mch. 16, 1853,	43.
1832, William Power,	Baltimore, Md.	Aug. 1852.	
1836, Rev. Sylvester Judd,	Augusta, Ma.	Jan. 26, 1853,	40.
1837, Abel Bellows Robeson,	New York City,	Mch. 22, 1853,	36.
1839, Endress Faulkner,	Dansville, N. Y.	Nov. 12, 1852,	34.
1840, Rev. Edward Wright,	Orange,	Oct. 22, 1852,	37.
1842, James M. Thacher,	New Haven,	June 8, 1853,	30.
1843, James Perrine Cutler,	Trenton, N. J.	Sept. 25, 1851,	28.
" Edward Munroe,	St. Augustine, Flor.	Dec. 1851.	
1844, Alexander Fisher Olmsted,	New Haven,	May 5, 1853,	30.
" William Horace Elliot,	St. Croix, W. I.	Dec. 8, 1852,	28.
1845, George Terry Wright,	Hartford,	Oct. 20, 1852,	27.
1846, Charles Goldthwaite Adama,	Paterson, N. J.	Sept. 11, 1852,	25.
1846, Lewis B. Jennings,	Charleston, S. C.	Mch. 17, 1853,	26.
" Philemon Ferdinand McLallen,	St. Louis, Mo.	June 4, 1853,	29.
1848, Edward Burr Harrison,	Alexandria, Va.	July 31, 1852,	25.
1850, Clinton Camp,	Pisa, Italy,	May 15, 1853,	24.
" Richard Lamb,	Norfolk, Va.	Oct. 3, 1852,	22.
1851, Rev. Charles Haskell,	Dover, N. H.	May 26, 1853,	24.
" Benjamin F. Martin,	Lancaster, Co. Pa.	Aug. 26, 1852,	23.
" Noah Smith,	Westville, Ohio,	July 7, 1853,	23.
1852, Angelo W. North,	Louisville, Ky.	July 2, 1853,	23.
Hon. 1846, Prof. John P. Norton,	Farmington,	Sept. 3, 1852,	30.

Editor's Table.

DEAR READERS:—By the stern decree of the Printer I am compelled, as 'twere to merely say, "*how-dye do?*" and immediately bid you "*good bye.*" There is an old saying which no doubt is quite new to you. It runs as follows: "All's well that ends well." If this is true, I sincerely hope that its contrary may not be true in the particular case of this No. of the Yale Lit. Well, in accordance with my programme at the beginning, how-dye do! Considering you to have answered this

polite inquiry, and also to have returned the compliment by asking after myself, I shall immediately and unhesitatingly pronounce myself as warm and busy. I was always very strongly impressed with the idea that heat in the summer season is inevitable, and therefore must be expected; but there was a time in "days gone-by," when I looked at the region around senior year as a land of rest. I fondly imagined that its inhabitants had nothing to do but attend lectures, "get out" Magazines, &c. But, O alas! this was but the "delusive phantom of hope," which Mr. Patrick Henry so earnestly and eloquently entreated the American people to refrain from embracing. No sooner had I put my foot within the boundaries of this Paradise in the Freshman's eye, when I found myself deluded and deceived. Its imaginary glories faded away, and the stern reality stared me in the face. Being a modest man, of course this unmitigated stare staggered me. Ah—apropos of modesty—I remember a story. Draw up your chairs near to the table—lean back, put your feet on it if you like, it's nothing extra and can't be easily damaged, being constructed on very economical principles. There, now, take it easy. Have a cigar! O, you don't smoke. Well, that's fortunate.

This story is short, as was said of the man who was obliged to mount upon a stump to tie his shoes. It is related of two men who were formerly members of this Institution, but who long ago became "Alumnusses" as the lady said, (by the by, I heard an educated man the other day speak of Omnibi,) and have sometime since left this "millpond" to encounter the "waves, storms, &c., of the great ocean of life," as Shakespeare very pleasantly remarks. These men were excessively modest, (I believe the incident occurred during their Freshman year,) and as is the case with all modest men, adored the female sex.

"O woman, &c."—Byron.

Their adoration was in most cases however conducted on "the ten foot pole" principle. But a crisis arrived when it became their duty, and certainly it was their pleasure, to make a call on a certain young lady who resided in town. Both blushed in secret for sometime over the thought, but finally they tremblingly agreed with each other to take the leap. Accordingly one evening they started, "armed and equipped as the law directs." They felt extremely. Added to their natural modesty in regard to females, they shuddered at the thought of meeting "papa," who was a gruff, stern old man, and wondered many times during the walk "whether he would be at home." But they finally reached the house and stood shaking upon the door stone. After much hesitation about ringing the bell, one of them, summoning all his resolution, pulled the handle. He was nervous, and pulled nervously. Instantly sleeping echoes waked within the house and reverberated through its passages. This was too much for the other, who left suddenly. His companion waited a moment, when a heavy step resounded through the hall and a gruff voice asked "Who's there?" Mr. To-to-tomkins, was the faint reply. "Good evening, Mr. Tomkins," said the gruff voice again, "won't you walk in?" "No, I thank you sir," replied the retreating voice of Mr. Tomkins, "I haven't time."

Where was I before I commenced this story! O, I remember, I was talking about the very singular idea which seems to have gained possession of the mind of "those who sit in high places" in this College, viz. of keeping all students, seniors even, busy. This Institution is a great Institution. Moreover it is destined to exist forever. All admit this; nature even joins to confirm this idea. The very trees bear the inscription written in legible, yea very legible, characters, "Yale Forever." Prophecies were anciently written on leaves, but here the staunch trunks foretell the future. But the trees say more. Not content with merely uttering the prophecy, they even enumerate the several bulwarks of Yale's perpetuity—the solid corner-stones of the eternal edifice. Foremost among these stands out in bold relief, the glorious work, the literary prodigy, the child of superhuman genius, called "Hircus Pertica Cœrulea Flamma." But why, we ask with tears in our eyes, why was there no place in the glorious list for the Yale Literary Magazine! Was there no humble position even left for her! O that she might have been named! O that she might have been allowed a proximity to "Hircus Pertica Cœrulea Flamma," and have been permitted to reflect some of its glories! But our eager eyes saw

her not there; and we turned away and wept sorrowfully. But though our darling was left out, we could not refrain from acknowledging the glory of the prophecy—the beauty of its form, and the certainty of its fulfillment. Who could doubt but that on such solid foundations there should rise a glorious structure! What son of a gun could dare, with desecrating hand to efface one of the sacred inscriptions! In the words of Horace:

"Ilum et parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem, et penetralia
Spargisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis: * * *"

But however sure Yale is to exist forever, it is certain that this Table must have an end, and a sudden end too. It is certain also that this term has had an end. Vacation is now before us. After a week of dissipation, mental, moral, and physical, at the conclusion of which most I think will be ready to exclaim with the Latin poet, "Jam satis est," the classic shades will be deserted, and students will be rare things in this City of Elms. Vacations are jolly arrangements; this we hope will be your opinion, dear readers, when some weeks hence you step into the traces again. Drink your fill of enjoyment, (don't, pray, give a wrong interpretation to this injunction, for I am enlisted in the glorious ranks of Temperance myself.) Let the cares and labors of College be swallowed up in fun and jollity. Drive your pleasure wagon clear through Vacation as fast as you can without killing your horses. But there's one caution; I nearly forgot it! Look out for that part of your organization which supplies the ceaseless flow of the life-current through your veins. Don't, I beseech you, as you value yourself, don't do anything rash in this quarter. Not that I am misogynist—by no means. But then I know the dangerous power of women's eyes, and also the extreme susceptibility of the student's heart—that is, I know them by hearsay.

And now in behalf of the Yale Lit., I bid you good bye. When you return to the classic retreats, she will be among the first to welcome you back again—*subscription payable on receipt of first number.*

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE annual Premium of this Magazine is now open for competition. A Gold Medal of the value of twenty-five dollars will be awarded to the author of the best essay sent to this Magazine, under the following conditions: The writer must be an undergraduate member of this Institution, and a subscriber to the Magazine. Every essay designed to compete for the premium must not exceed eight pages of the Magazine in length, and must be sent to the undersigned through the Post Office on or before the fifth Wednesday of next term, (Oct. 12th,) accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the writer, and inscribed with an assumed name. The envelope will be returned unopened, except in the case of the successful competitor.

The board of decision consists of two graduates of this College, elected by the Editors, and the Chairman of the Board of Editors.

LEMUEL S. POTWIN,
Chairman of Board of Editors.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

VOLUME EIGHTEENTH.

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